

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Top Of The Food Chain (Remix)"

(feat. Poison Pen)

[Intro: Immortal Technique + (Poison Pen)]

(Uptown, haha) Immortal Technique, Poison Pen
We the top of the food chain motherfucker
Stronghold in it, yo
MC's are just figments of my imagination (tell 'em)
They don't have to be dissed (tell 'em)
I just stop thinkin about them (tell 'em!)
And they cease to exist (tell 'em!)
Don't get me pissed pussies

[Hook: Poison Pen]

Desolate easy Jesus{?}, while they squeezin heaters
You better? Then please defeat us
Ladies is teacher squeezers, they pleased to meet us
Top of the food chain, still roll with bottom feeders
My tongue new in late modern English, I'm from the side with heaters
Always comment on your side as beepers
It ain't no joke, baby the bell is broke
Just holla out the window if you tryin to reach us

[Poison Pen]

Poison Pen for you ballers and bammers
Walk up in the spot, metal detectors went bananas
Stronghold! It's Bronx swingin, give me dap 'til my palm's stingin
Grab your bitch - and make a porn feature
Come out your mouth, that's a nice shirt to bleed on
They only use yo' ass to fuck and roll trees on (BUCK, BUCK, BUCK!)
It's on, your block, your street
Niggaz so puss and they don't speak, they queaf
When you run shit, Stronghold shit
I need a chain I can jump rope with
And Bed-Stuy got 'em, word I'm like Zeus without the eye problem
Some neck without the pearl spot, or it ain't rockin the most
Chicken spots, even if tots got they eyes on your necklace
My life is this flick, and y'all are extras
I double more blocks than Tetris, we perfectionists
And wouldn't have it, any other way, yeah

[Hook]

[Poison Pen]

Pen Pen nigga look good
My flow's a couple of retarded niggaz too dumb
With an impact on hip-hop
Like LL walkin into Def Jam screaming out BOX!

[Immortal Technique]

Immortal Technique, top of the food chain
I'll split your wifey's head open, just to get me some brain
I spit venomous thing with Poison Pen
Destroy the sun and in eight minutes you'll never see day again
Pray for your friends but me and God'll just laugh at you
Tell you to shut the fuck up, and rain acid on you
Break down your molecules and spiritually damage you
Haven't you got the picture yet?
Motherfuckers like you are easy to disrespect, cause you're only a thug
When you on the internet you can't compare your dialect to Tech'
Because you lack the chromos'
I'm a Neo-Sapien, but y'all are still actin like homos

[Hook (replace "heaters" with "Ninas" in first line)]

[Poison Pen]

If you talk {?} high, you get your mouth punched in
Stronghold is my house nigga, greasy apartment
My legions are foul, you eat he crapped out
Ain't never seen no trees in my mouth
Poison Pen magnitude eight-point-three
The hottest shit this side of the Gaza Strip
Alongside many gangs in rap arouses
That point and click without red browsers
Look out it's the 80's all over again it seems
Long hair, denim suits and big tanks, and glitz
We don't look for hoes so they scoop us
Tell your bitch to bring nothin to my crib but, pussy and a toothbrush
And a camcorder, y'all could all relate
They treat my nuts like imported grapes
That's how it is at the, top of the food chain
Poison Pen, Technique and - all y'all better take turns sleepin